The Liberalist

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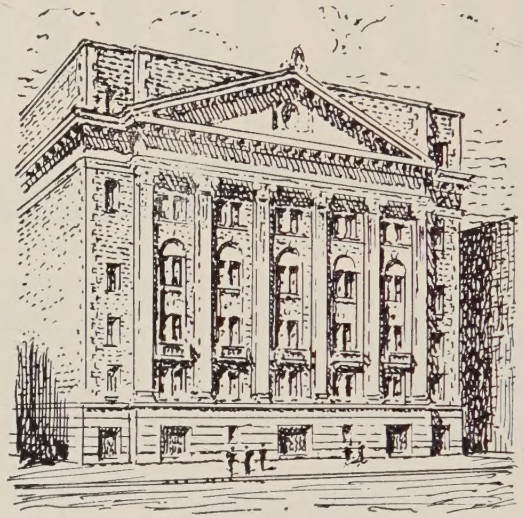
The Building of the Nest

They'll come again to the apple tree
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of the blossom dressed;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

From Days & Deeds
B. E. & E. B. Stevenson.

Margaret Sangster



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

FOR many years I have made it a practice to leave Chicago for a two weeks' rest on Easter night. This year in mid-winter, June and I thought it would be wise to take the rest the two weeks preceding Palm Sunday. I had an unusually busy winter, with many problems and responsibilities, and I felt it would be unusually difficult to face Holy Week immediately following such a busy time. After deciding to do this, we made our plans immediately and I kept the entire two weeks preceding Holy Week completely free from any engagements. It meant being absent from the pulpit for two Sundays and three Wednesday evening book lectures.

I could think of no one who would fill the pulpit any more acceptably than the Reverend Waldemar Argow, who has been with us in the past. I wrote Mr. Argow and told him it would be necessary to leave Chicago on a Wednesday afternoon, and asked him if he would not take over my work until my return on the Friday preceding Holy Week. We were all delighted at his acceptance and I have heard nothing but kindly words of praise for all of his sermons and book lectures. No visitor has ever been in our pulpit who received a more kindly response to his work.

Having always been a lover of the sea and ships, when we were considering where we should go and what we should do, it did not take us long to decide on a cruise out of New Orleans to the Caribbean. This was my fourth trip but it was the first for June. We had been together in New Orleans, but she had never seen the Gulf of Mexico or the Caribbean Sea. Bookings were soon secured through the kindly co-operation of Mr. Curtis F. Proud, head of the Travel Department of the Chicago Motor Club and a long-time friend of ours.

By the time our leaving date arrived I was more than ready for some rest and relaxation. I had one most pleasant surprise on arriving at the Illinois Central Station. Perhaps you have often heard me say that when I was a little boy, the first thing I wanted to be was an engineer. I loved engines then and I do now, and particularly locomotives. On Saturday mornings I used to go down in our village to the Grand Trunk Depot which was half a mile from my home and watch the morning local freight do the switching in our railroad yards. There was a well quite close to where the engine usually stopped and the engineer would take his water jug and hand it down to me and I would go and fill the water jug and bring it back to him. This was a regular Saturday morning performance of my life. One time he said to me, "Sonny, how would you like to ride in the cab of the engine while we do the switching?" I needed no encouragement but climbed up into the cab, sat down beside him and had a thrill which I can recapture at will today. I never shall forget the several times he permitted me to blow the whistle. Years later I was lecturing once in Detroit and an elderly man came up to me and said, "You don't remember me, but I remember you. My name is Ed Weise and I am the engineer of the old "1040" Grand Trunk who used to let you ride around with me when we were switching in Linden, Michigan."

When we arrived at the Illinois

Central Station on the day we left on our trip, there I met Mr. William Berglund, a member of our Board of Trustees, who is with the Illinois Central, and he said to me, "How would you like to ride in the Diesel engine to Champaign?" I replied enthusiastically and gleefully "How would I? I would like nothing better." Then I discovered that arrangements had been made by Mr. C. J. Fitzpatrick, Vice-President of the Illinois Central, giving me a permit to ride in the Diesel cab of the train which I consider to be the finest train in the United States—the Panama Limited. I have been on most of the well-known trains, but I have never been on one more comfortable, more hospitable, or where I have had better food or better service than I have had on the Panama Limited. This is an unsolicited testimonial, but one which I can make truthfully and sincerely. It seems that June and Miss Mary Clarke, our dear devoted friend of many years and one who was so invaluable in her help to Jimmy in the work with the Uptown Players, were in on this Diesel ride secret all the time, but had kept it from me until we arrived at the station.

With Mr. James Scott, the Terminal Trainmaster, and Mr. Fred Brink, the Trainmaster of the Illinois Division, and Mr. William L. Berglund of the Chicago office, we all walked the length of the long train to the Diesel engine. I think a photograph of me climbing up the iron ladder into the cab would be exceedingly funny. I weigh over 200 and it required a little effort on my part to make the cab, but I did, and Fred Brink, the Trainmaster, who accompanied me, introduced me to the Engineer, Edwin Courtney, and Fireman Bob Coughlin. I waved goodbye to those who had accompanied me to the engine and took my seat between the Fireman and the Engineer. It is difficult for me to conceal my emotions at times and I am quite sure this was one of the times in which I gave full expression to the excitement going on inside me. The signals were soon being given, all of the preliminary tests of safety were being made by the engineer, and finally, precisely on the split second of departure time, the engineer, with the slightest gesture turned the throttle and the great Panama Limited was on its way. It was the most thrilling experience I have ever had;—much more thrilling than flying. As we sped along sometimes at 90 miles an hour through the villages and the countryside between Chicago and Champaign, it made an impression upon me that will linger as long as life itself. I am very grateful to my friend, Mr. Wayne A. Johnston, President of the Illinois Central, to Mr. C. J. Fitzpatrick, the Vice-President, and to Mr. William L. Berglund, for making it possible for me to have this unusual experience.

The first morning, at 9 o'clock sharp, we arrived in the beautiful new Terminal Station in New Orleans. We took a taxi immediately to the pier, and were soon aboard the good ship "Chiriqui" of the United Fruit Company. I had made a previous trip on her and it was like seeing an old familiar face and meeting a well-known friend. We sailed under most favorable conditions at noon and the ride down the Mississippi to the Gulf is always interesting and exciting. It was dark when we entered the Gulf, but a beautiful night and a calm sea.

We arrived in Havana on Sunday morning early. I was up before dawn and out on the deck, watching the row of glimmering lights on the great boulevard which faces the sea. As the morning broke, the outline of the historic Morro Castle at the entrance to the Havana Harbor unfolded. I was

conscious of the great historical associations of that harbor and the castle. We were soon alongside the pier and our visit to Havana began.

I will tell you more about the details of our visit in Havana and in Guatemala, but my space is running out on this phase of my article because I am going to tell you in this issue something of our Easter experiences. I will tell you more in detail about the interesting impressions which we had from our visit to Puerto Barrios and Guatemala in our June issue.

* * *

I am writing these words sixteen days after Easter Sunday and I am still feeling the joy, beauty and inspiration of the finest Sunday in the entire year. Holy Week, which precedes Easter Day is always the hardest week in the entire church year, for I preach twice every day, besides maintaining the heavy schedule of funerals and other engagements.

For the 29th Holy Week I preached the Civic Lenten Services held in the Erlanger Theatre in the heart of Chicago's loop. The services there this year conformed to the pattern of all the years. The Monday congregation was the smallest of the week, Tuesday a little better, an increase on Wednesday, Thursday excellent and on Good Friday the theatre was packed. This is most encouraging to our church because we are alone in maintaining and in presenting these services. A block away more than 2000 churches unite in one service. Our Lutheran friends also meet near-by, as do the Episcopalians. It is a large undertaking for one congregation to hold Holy Week services in the loop.

I have always felt during my entire ministry that the significance of the events of Holy Week is such that those who have no church loyalties whatever should be given an opportunity to participate in the meaning of Holy Week. There are thousands and thousands of people in Chicago who never attend any religious service, Roman Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, and yet no one can say that the great majority of them are not good people who are interested in their fellowman and who respond to the impulses of a liberal point of view in religion. This I have demonstrated for 43 years in my work in Chicago. I meet hundreds of people at the Erlanger services who are not affiliated with any church, but who are in the spirit of Holy Week and participate in the meaning of the season. Our church makes it possible for them to share in the Easter experience. Our noonday services are simple and last from 12:10 to 12:40. We are still receiving letters of appreciation from widely scattered places, from people who were in Chicago during the week, and who came in to the noonday services. This year I experienced a response and a manifestation of interest which was better than in any previous Holy Week.

We introduced into the evening Holy Week events in the church the play by Christopher Fry, "The Boy With a Cart," presented by the Chicago Equity Theatre Players. That was an experience which all who had the opportunity of seeing the play will never forget. If there are those who might feel it was out of keeping with the spirit of the week to present a play, I am sure they would not make that comment if they could only see the play. It was one of the most spiritual moments of the entire week. I wish that more churches everywhere would present the play. It is done without special scenery, and is given in the pulpit or the chancel and accentuates one of the most beautiful truths. It was an evening we of the Peoples Church shall not forget.

I saw the sun rise over Lake Michigan on Easter morning. The one day in all the year on which I want to greet the morning is Easter Day. I have never known a more beautiful Easter than we had this year. As the dawn broke I tuned in the radio in my Study and we listened to the Easter services being conducted across the continent. We heard the service from Arlington, in Washington, and then followed the Easter services all the way to the Rocky Mountains.

The first service in our own church was at 9:00 o'clock in the morning and it is always well attended. Because of the large number of new members to be received and the children to be christened and dedicated we use most of that service for these purposes. This year we have received over 100 new members into the fellowship of our church and at this service I christened twelve little babies. Many people attend this service who attend other churches at the 11:00 o'clock service. I think that is one of the advantages of having several services on Easter Sunday at different hours. It gives people an opportunity to participate in the services of other denominations or churches. This is good. The more we can know about each other the better, for we will discover how much we have in common on the basic essentials of religion.

Long before the 11:00 o'clock service was to begin our church was overflowing. We amplified to a congregation seated in Anderson Hall and many were turned away, unable to find seats. It was one of the largest congregations ever to assemble in the 43 years of my ministry. As our choir began the processional from the vestibule of the sanctuary down the aisles to the choir loft, I listened to the first notes in the vestry and my heart was filled with gratitude, with love, and with memories. When I walked into the pulpit as the great congregation was standing and singing our "Song of Salutation," the feelings in my heart can never be projected in spoken or written words. More than 2,000 people were in that one service and I do not know how many were listening over the radio. As I started the sermon the first words I said were: "It seems so good to me to see so many of you again. It has been a long time since I have seen some of you. In fact, a whole year; and even though I see some of you only once a year, I want you to know how much it means for me and our church to have you here today." I know that there are some ministers who scold their Easter audiences a little. I never do.

Dr. John Evans, the religion editor of the Chicago Tribune, called me after Easter and said he was asking five ministers in Chicago the same question and he had chosen me as one of the five. The question was: "How do you account for this resurgence of interest in the church, as indicated in the reports of most churches that they had the finest and best Easter in their ministry?" My reply, as it was published, simply was, that I thought the real test of how deep-seated and basic this interest in religion is, is not to be found on Easter Day at all, but on the Sunday after Easter. The Sunday after Easter is spoken of as "Low" Sunday and is usually just what the word implies—the church has the poorest attendance and the reaction is greater from Easter Day to the Sunday after Easter than at any other time in the church year. I am convinced that the real test is not Easter Day, but the Sunday after, or, perhaps this year, the first Sunday in May, which would be three Sundays after Easter. The interest in religion is really vital and basic when it is sustained. As a spas-

modic thing it means little and is not much more than a mere tradition. Well, it was a beautiful Easter for us all day long.

The Easter music, from the organ prelude, played by Mr. LeRoy Wetzel and Miss Doriss Briggs, harpist, through the anthems and solos, with Mr. Herbert Johnson, pianist, adding his talent to the organ and harp, was most beautiful and I am sure it gladdened the hearts of all who listened.

At the 7:00 o'clock evening service another great congregation gathered. I came home tired physically but lifted in soul and spirit and mind, and grateful in my heart that I had had my 43rd Easter with the church and the people I love.

* * *

To all of our readers, listeners, friends and members who remembered June and me with so many beautiful Easter cards and messages, we are grateful; and may the spirit of triumph and beauty and the evidence of the reality of good and truth which is the fundamental fact of Easter linger with us all throughout the year ahead and may the next Easter day dawn with increased radiance and joy.

"HOW TO STAY ALIVE AS LONG AS YOU LIVE"

SERMON BY REV. WALDEMAR ARGOW
Pastor of Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa

(Preached during Dr. Bradley's absence on a Caribbean Cruise prior to Holy Week and Easter Services in the Church; and published by popular request.)

Sunday, March 20, 1955

IT MAY sound a little repetitious of me, because I have already said these things a number of times from this pulpit, but I want to say again what a very great honor and privilege it is for me to speak from this pulpit this year for a second time. To attempt to substitute for Preston Bradley is to attempt a quite impossible thing. Nevertheless, I am very sensitive of the honor you do me in asking me to come back this second time, and I want you to know with what a great deal of pleasure and anticipation I have been looking forward to this visit! The subject of our sermon this morning: HOW TO STAY ALIVE AS LONG AS YOU LIVE, has a rather facetious sound to it. Actually, I mean this subject in all seriousness, for the blunt truth is that there are many people who do not stay alive as long as they live. In fact I would venture to say that there are very few people here in this congregation this morning, or who are listening to this broadcast, who are completely, one-hundred percent, alive in the particular sense that I happen to mean this phrase.

All about us in our society today are zombies—the walking dead—people whom you can't certify, I suppose, as being actually technically dead; but I don't see how you can honestly say that they are very much alive either! Partly, of course, this is a physical matter. How many times, at the end of a long, hard, tiring day, have you gone home and groaned to yourself: "Oh, I'm so tired I feel half dead!"—and in a sense you were right! Probably you did have only half of the

physical strength and energy that you enjoy at the height of your capacities. But, you know, it's also possible to be half dead emotionally, psychologically, spiritually! Sometimes it almost seems as though our world today is peopled by spiritual zombies—people who are, somehow, incapable of feeling any compassion or understanding or sympathy for other people. And then there are the emotional zombies—people who are capable of hating, but not loving; of receiving, but not giving; of self-concern, but not selflessness! All shriveled up inside of themselves, these people are only partly alive. No, our sermon subject this morning is by no means a facetious one.

The problem of how to stay alive, vitally, vigorously, joyously alive, is a very real and vital one. And this morning I would like to suggest four ways by which you and I can cheat death, at least right up until that final moment, after which no man can refuse the summons! Our first lesson on HOW TO STAY ALIVE AS LONG AS YOU LIVE is afforded us by any happy, healthy child, because such a child does one thing that many of us adults have forgotten how to do—he responds to life with all of his senses! He opens up his hands, eyes, ears, nose and mouth, and with all of the faculties of his sensory being he smells, hears, sees and tastes life! Now he does not do this consciously, of course. It is one of the sweet wonders of childhood that a child unconsciously thrills to life—the way a flower automatically turns toward the sun!

Late one lovely afternoon, just a little over a week ago, my seven year-old daughter, Katie, and I took a little ride out in the beautiful hilly country just beyond Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where my church is located. Now after we had driven for a while we put the top down and that, ladies and gentlemen, as far as I am concerned, was the official beginning of Spring, because I have a little ritual or ceremony that I perform some time on a lovely day every March—I put the top of my convertible down, and that, formally, officially, for me, means that Spring is here! Well, we performed this pagan ceremonial and we stopped for a little while on the top of a hill. Katie looked at all of that enchanting, pre-spring-time beauty about us, with her whole being she felt its wonder, and finally she exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so happy I could scream!"

Now you and I don't react that way. When you and I see a lovely view we don't get so excited that we want to scream. Partly, as I have indicated, there is a physical reason why this is so. The older we grow, the duller our senses become, and our hearing and eyesight may gradually fail us. But I think the fault involved here is mostly with ourselves, and not with our senses. Our eyes, unless we are totally blind, are still quite sharp enough to see a lovely view, if only we would open them and see it! Our ears have not failed us so much that we can't hear the melody of a bird call, if only we will open them and hear it! As the average human being grows older there is a deadly—and I do mean deadly; I mean a life-killing—a deadly tendency for his sensory responses to dry up and for his feelings to become blunted! But this doesn't have to happen! It usually does simply because you and I let it.

Happiness in life is a matter of discipline to a far greater degree than most people realize and right here is a case in point. The average adult needs to make a *conscious* effort to keep his senses open, even if he has to do this in such an arbitrary fashion as drawing up at the side of the road stopping his car for a few minutes, and

saying to himself: "now look here, Joe Doaks! There's a lovely view right outside that window, and you're going to sit here and enjoy it whether you like it or not!" Now I'm exaggerating the matter, of course, and yet I'm making this suggestion on the basis of an important psychological fact. It was William James who demonstrated to us that when a person, over a period of time, artificially, arbitrarily forces himself to do a thing, after a while he begins to do that thing unconsciously, or naturally, and to like doing it! What I have just said with all of these big words is that the person has formed a habit. Because we adults get out of the "habit" of feeling life, and because we need to compensate for the diminution of our sensory responses, you and I ought to discipline ourselves to feel, see, smell, hear and taste more than we do! A normal, healthy boy is in good shape physically. He doesn't *have* to exercise—he's just that way normally. Now a man *can* be in good shape physically, too—only he has to make a little more effort! He has to discipline himself through various media available to him. In the same fashion, an adult, and I don't care how old you are, can still retain much of childhood's sensory enjoyment of life—only he *has* to pay a special price in terms of extra effort and discipline!

One day this past summer when I was wandering through Europe I traveled by bus down in Italy from Florence to Rome. Probably because I had done so much walking and sightseeing and responding to all of the glories of Florence and was more than a little tired that day, I just sat there phlegmatically in my seat in the bus not feeling or seeing much of anything. It wasn't until we were approaching the outskirts of Rome that evening that all of a sudden I thought to myself: "Why, you have just driven through the Apennine Mountains. Some of the most important events of Western History have happened here, and where, again, are you ever going to see the rugged beauty of these hills with their olive groves and their peasant huts and all their ancient ruins!" I had a wonderful time last summer. That trip was a glorious experience, but like any human venture there were a few minor disappointments connected with it, and this particular day was one of them—the day I traveled through the Apennine Mountains and failed to respond to all of the history and the beauty, to all of the sights and sounds and odors that crowded into that bus beside me. So I put this down as the First Rule for staying alive as long as you live: Force yourself, if necessary—and for us adults it often is necessary—*force* yourself to respond to life with all of the sensory faculties that you have in your being! *Make* yourself feel, see, hear and taste life, and after a while this will become a purely automatic, spontaneous response on your part and you will feel more vibrant and more truly alive than you have since those long-ago childhood days when you, too, were capable of looking at some lovely scene and then exclaiming: "Oh, I'm so happy I could scream!"

Our second rule for avoiding a premature death is suggested by this, not very consequential little story. Some years ago a soap company spent considerable money in research trying to perfect a new kind of soap. Finally the day came when the new product was to be tested and all the V.I.P.'s of the company gathered around, and at the critical moment the chemist threw the cake of soap into a tub of water. Immediately something happened that surprised and dismayed those men—

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

SOMETIMES I wonder if we do not think of education in a wrong light and place an overemphasis on mere book knowledge, rather than on enriching of the whole personality. A person or a nation may have great knowledge and yet fail to meet the highest ideal of what constitutes being educated. We all know people who have a tremendous amount of knowledge but who are not able to integrate themselves effectively into the society of which they are a part, and who make little or no contribution to the well-being of that society. Knowledge is knowing things, but being truly educated is the achievement of translating into action and into effective living the knowledge one possesses.

The educators of the nation are emphasizing this distinction today as never before. The truly educated individual is one who is ever alert and sensitive to the great values of life. The educated person is the integrated person; the person in command of himself and all of his faculties. He is one who recognizes that he is an integral part of the larger society and if that society is to be fine and splendid he first must be as an individual all that he expects the society to be. The educated person is the person who is always master and is capable of meeting every circumstance and every situation and every experience of life with victory and with triumph. That is why there are no frills in education.

We used to hear a lot about the "frills in education." Some of those frills were called music and gymnastics and drama and art. Now we see that there are no frills in education; that these things which I have just mentioned are as important in the process of becoming an educated being as mathematics or physics or language or orthography or science or any other factual subject in a curriculum. We now know that there is a part of ourselves which receives and holds every impression that ever comes into our lives. Angela Morgan put something of the spirit of true education in her poem which she called "Make of Man the Statue:"

"Make of man the poem, make of man the theme,
Fruiting of the vision, flowering of the dream;

. . . . . .

Make of man the shining, pure and perfect thing;

Give him room to grow in;
Give him fieds to sow in,
Teach his lips to sing."

HOW TO STAY ALIVE

(*Continued from page 9*)

the soap floated! And the men could think of only one thing—that no sensible housewife was going to go out and buy a cake of soap that was so light that it floated, and they thought that all of their money and research and everything else had been wasted. Then one of the men had an idea. He said: "Wait a minute! Why don't we put the soap on the market and advertise it with this slogan: 'It floats!' "! Well, of course, they did, and if you don't know what brand I'm talking about all I can say is that you have been violating our first principle this morning and you have not been keeping your eyes and ears open! Well, the point of this momentous story, which illustrates our second rule this morning, is that those men were faced with a problem, as we all constantly are in life. Now they had the option of reacting to their problem either positively or negatively. They could have reacted negatively. They could have said: "Why doesn't the blasted thing sink?"—and given up there and then! Instead, they took the positive approach! They uttered those immortal words: "It floats!"—and the rest is soap-making history! Well, ladies and gentlemen, the positive approach not only sells more soap, it also has the somewhat greater value of helping to keep you and me more truly and vitally alive! This is so for the reason that negativism means destruction, and destruction *always* means death! Positivism means affirmation, and affirmation means life! Whenever you react to anything in a negative fashion you are shutting the door, saying "no," giving up; you are being depressive, destructive, defeatist; you are killing something—whether it's an idea or a hope or a project or anything else! The negative approach is *always* life-destroying and therefore, the person who gets into the habit of thinking and reacting negatively, is, in a sense, taking his own life! There is a sense in which an individual can commit "psychological suicide"—and we all do it, to some extent, every day!

Conversely, the person who approaches each problem or each day in a positive fashion, who says: "Alright! Come ahead, whatever you are! I'm positive that I can handle you and I'm certain that I can make something good out of you!"—the person who approaches every problem in *that* fashion has put himself squarely on the side of life and of growth! Because essentially, in its deepest meanings, life is a positive, outgoing, up-reaching thing, and the men and women who move in that same direction; who grow and cooperate; who affirm, rather than deny; who move upward and outward toward the stars, *these* are the people who stay vitally alive as long as they live! You know, very few of us realize how often and in how many twisted, little ways we get into the habit of thinking and reacting negatively. You just watch yourselves this week. See how many times you react, in an essentially negative way, to the problem of world peace: "It's too big! We'll never be able to do anything about it!" —you know the familiar line! Or toward the problem of reaching a sensible solution with Russia; or to the closer to home, everyday problems, of organizing a PTA group at school, or of doing something about Susie's table manners. It's the easiest thing in the world, especially in times like these, to slip into that destructive, deadly, life-killing habit of looking at the world

through dark-colored glasses. "Cowards die many times before their death" said Mr. Shakespeare. Well, so do the negativists of this world! They die little by little, and piece by piece. If you want to stay alive as long as you live put yourself on the *side* of life; get into the habit of *accepting* life and *affirming* life through your *positive* approach to the problems you face!

Then there is the third way of outwitting Father Time and of staying alive for the rest of our lives, but, once again, it involves an extra effort and discipline on our part. As you and I grow older there is a most unfortunate tendency to withdraw inside of ourselves and to lose contact with the world. That happy, healthy child that we were talking about earlier is an extrovert. He rushes forth to greet life joyously with his arms wide open; he runs up and he talks to every stranger on the street who passes by; he is endlessly interested and insatiably curious—and all of those factors help to account for that sweet happiness of childhood that we adults, rather wistfully, often envy! Nothing is more deadly or destructive of happiness than to lose interest in life! You know this is why, on every occasion I possibly can—this thing is becoming almost an obsession with me—I stress the need, as strongly as I can, of learning how to read! And by that phrase I most emphatically do not mean reading magazines and reading newspapers —I mean learning to read and love books, until they become an *integral* part of your life; until you *can't* do without them; until they open *all* the doors of the world for you and keep you endlessly interested and stimulated, and drive off the demons of discontent! It is for this same reason that you ought to develop as many hobbies and avocations and outside interests as you reasonably can.

How many times in our society have we seen individuals give up a job, retire, and almost immediately begin to die? You see, that work was their primary interest in life, practically their sole reason for living. Once the job was taken away they had no other interest to stimulate and enthuse them, and rapidly they began to stop living! I don't suppose a doctor would dare enter a statement like this on a death certificate: "The patient died from lack of interest in life!" And yet, that might be a more accurate statement than the one the doctor would be required to put down! The older we grow, the more tired we become and, often, the more cynical and disillusioned. Now this is why an *extra* effort is needed to overcome that natural weariness. At the end of a long day it's so very easy to sink down into a comfortable armchair, read the evening paper for maybe a few minutes, and then just sit there—and God knows television hasn't helped this problem any! It's so easy to do that, that the temptation is almost irresistible—but you'd better watch out! You've all been warned about temptations before, and this is a particularly seductive one. If you want to stay alive as long as you live, by all means get outside of yourself—you can't die in a shell as long as you are still outside that shell! Develop as many wholesome, positive, constructive interests as you reasonably can—it's the best kind of life insurance you can buy!

Our fourth, and last suggestion for staying alive till the end of your days has to do with the manner in which you relate yourself to other people. Several years ago, in the old National Geographic Magazine, I saw some pictures of some very peculiar-looking

houses over in the Caucasus. The odd thing about those buildings was the fact that they didn't have any windows, so that the people living inside must have lived either by feeble lamplight or, possibly, in total darkness! Now you don't have to go all the way over to the Caucasus to find people who live that way. There are men and women right here in Chicago who live all shut up in the windowless structure of their own lives and who have no emotional or spiritual contact with other human beings. It's bad enough to shut yourself away from the interests of life, but it's a thousand times worse to shut yourself away from other people! You know, there's a new psychiatric theory in this country in the past fifteen years, which is called The Theory of Interpersonal Relations. The basis of that theory is the conviction that an individual must have happy, healthy relations with other people. I've got to be able to get along with you, and you, and you, pretty well. If I can't, there's undoubtedly something wrong with me, and very likely mental or emotional illness is to be found in this picture. That's what the adherents of this theory say. I would go one step further! I would say that in such a situation *death* is likely to result! Because the man or woman who doesn't have any feeling for other people in terms of sympathy and compassion and understanding is, to that extent, dead! He is one of those spiritual zombies that we were talking about a little while ago! *People* are life! And the Bible says this same thing somewhere. Fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death! You and I really live *only* when we make ourselves a part of life, and life is only *partly* an individual matter. In any larger sense it is a social and universal matter. All of which means that you and I *have* to learn to relate ourselves to other people, to the universe, to God in certain significant ways—or we die!

The most satisfying interpretation of eternal life, to many people, is what is sometimes called "social immortality!" This is the conviction that when we make ourselves a constructive, contributing part of other lives; when we give some precious part of ourselves *to* life, then we find, in the process, a very meaningful kind of immortality. Thus we may say that the act of giving one's self to other people, to life, is the very opposite of death—it is immortality! And so I say that the fourth, and best way is the most glorious paradox I know of—that the best way to keep your life as long as you live is to give it away!

Well, here then, in summary this morning, are what you might call our four life insurance policies. First of all, make every effort you possibly can to keep your senses alive and alert. Learn to respond to life the way a child does, with all of your sensory faculties. Feel life, hear it and see it and taste it—and you won't have to worry about shriveling up and blowing away before your time! Secondly, *always* react to life, and to everything that happens to you, positively and not negatively. Remember that to affirm and move outward and embrace is to live; to deny and negate is to die! Next, by all means, cultivate as many interests outside of yourself as you reasonably can. Let yourself be caught up by all sorts of worth-while activities. Let me say it again. Few things are more destructive of happiness, or more deadly in their consequences, than loss of interest in life! And finally, the best way of finding yourself, is in other lives! You know, the old Darwinian evolutionists were right, in a sense. Life is a fight and a struggle, only it's not a fight to destroy other life in order that you and I may survive! It's a constant

struggle and effort to apply the sort of principles we have been talking about this morning! When one wins *that* fight; when he has made *these* principles a normal, natural part of everyday living, *then* he has learned one of the most precious of this world's secrets—he has learned the secret of HOW TO STAY ALIVE AS LONG AS HE LIVES!

Eternal spirit, help us to understand what Jesus meant when He said: "He who loses his life in My service shall find it!" Help us to understand that he who loses his life in other lives finds, not death, but immortality! And now, Oh Lord, through the days and nights of this new week, until we meet again here in this quiet place, may the knowledge of this truth sustain and strengthen us: that out of darkness comes dawn; that out of winter comes spring; out of striving comes peace, not by our power alone, but by the Power of God!

BOOK CHATS

WILLIAM MORROW and Company have published a beautiful book called *Learn to Live*. I know of no other book quite like it. Its sub-title is "The Meaning of the Parables." Ordinarily we think of the Parables as quite simple stories to bring out a very simple lesson of life.

The author of this book, Dr. Ervin Seale, we are told brings new courage and inspiration to the many thousands who have attended his sermons and the many thousands more who have heard him on the radio and on television. He was born in Colville, in the State of Washington, attended Gonzaga University and then was graduated from the College of Metaphysics. Since 1940 he has been Minister of the Church of the Truth in New York City. Prior to that time he was Associate Minister in the parent Church of the Truth in Spokane, Washington.

Dr. Seale, you will remember, wrote *Ten Words That Will Change Your Life*. In this, his latest book, *Learn To Live*, he sets down the parables, and then explains them in an alive, affirmative manner. From this explanation we realize that Jesus was the first psychiatrist. Dr. Seale's explanations are unique and very appealing. They are intensely interesting. If you start to read a chapter you will feel compelled to finish that chapter. Then you will be extremely curious to find out how he treats of the other parables.

In his preface Dr. Seale tells us that "By hybridizing we have found that there is much more in a kernel of corn than our grandfathers knew or were able to bring forth. The potentialities were always there. We have created nothing. We have merely brought another potentiality to light and to usefulness. The new and vital science of psychology, even though it crosses swords with religion on many points, nevertheless has done great service to religion, having rediscovered certain truths about man and his mental-emotional process—truths which in part at least were known to other generations and cultures in the form of myths, allegories and religious dogma. In spite of the fact that a phychology based on a materialistic way of life must perforce create confusion and wallow in it, modern psychology and its offshoots have made many original and valuable

contributions. Many of the old truths have thus been reclarified and made practical for the present time, just when we are most in need of them. This is good for the twentieth century mind. Ours is an age in which religion and science have moved ever closer to marriage. Scientists of the physical world have at last found themselves at the end of matter and in the realm of invisible particles of light. Many readers have concluded, after reading the works of scientists like Jeans and Eddington, Compton, Milliken and Einstein, that these men are mystics, having a perception of two worlds at once. The practical discoveries of these men and their colleagues in the atomic age have given a dramatic and fearful urgency to the need for morality and human knowledge to come together as a higher wisdom.

"Doctrines and beliefs and theologies are not sufficient today, if they ever were sufficient. Today it is right action that counts, and that right speedily. A growing proportion of men and women are no longer interested in what you believe about Christ or God or religion, or salvation after death, but what can you do now to make life easier and happier and more significant, and therefore more worthwhile for all time and eternity. Can you act out the beliefs of your religion? This has always been a problem throughout the ages. Man's belief has always been better than his act. Our ideal always has trouble becoming real, but those sacred writings which set forth the ideals of the human race also show how to realize them. In other words, there is science or practical working knowledge in them. The Parables, significantly, not only illustrate what human conduct should be, they reveal in their subtle way how to do the thing that we see should be done.

"In the conviction that this realization is the pressing need of our time and in the awareness that the Parables are timeless, and that no expositor can do better than to apply them to his time, this book on the Parables of Jesus is offered here."

If you are in any degree a philosopher (and who is not one in some degree), you will like this book—you will want to literally devour its contents once you start to read in it—and this is true, no matter where you start reading.

If you are in any kind of trouble and you start reading this book, you will not put it down until you have seen a great light on your dilemma and have been helped. Dr. Seale makes you feel from the moment you start to read that there is without a doubt a solution to your every problem, and that the solution lies right alongside the problem itself.

Dr. Seale's first chapter is entitled "What Is A Parable?" He tells of a certain man whose business was dying. He could see nothing but ruin ahead. In his despair, he got into his car one day and drove out into the country, aimlessly. It was spring and freshets were running, and the river, overflowing its banks, had left little pools of water in the meadows in which schools of glittering fish were stranded, not realizing the fate in store for them. The man stopped to examine the fish more closely, felt sad to think they would die as soon as the pools had dried up, and finally got down on his hands and knees and began digging little ditches whereby the fish could swim back to the main stream. While doing this, it suddenly occurred to him, "Why I am God to these fish. I am their saviour, I am their God." And then there came the realization to him that "There must be a greater power and wisdom which is God to me and which will save me from perishing. Of

course there is. I will go back." As renewed confidence surged through him, he went back and in time recouped his fortunes. This is a modern parable by which Dr. Seale indicates very dramatically that a change in the individual mind is the only difference between misery and happiness, success and failure. "Whenever a constructive influence enters in a person's mind, that person will see a way out of his trouble and will thenceforth make progress speedily. This book is to help you to find certain truths which will so influence your mind that you, too, can renew your confidence and find the way to a good life."

The reader may be thinking that as the parables are simply little stories that illustrate the right or wrong conduct of life, what more can Dr. Seale tell us. You will be amazed at what this author is able to bring out about a parable and its application to your problems.

Dr. Seale has a great facility for teaching through parables himself, for he illustrates a point by speaking of a messenger who travels between the offices of a thirty-story building every day. He does so by means of the elevator and his feet. The elevator is a moving floor. All the others floors are fixed and stationary. If the messenger is on the tenth floor and he wants an office on the twentieth floor, he cannot cause the twentieth floor to come down to where he is, but he must take his own floor with him to the twentieth and equalize them there, make them one, that is. It is so with our minds and with life. We cannot bring the higher meaning down to our present level of consciousness. We must take our own consciousness up to the level of those meanings and understand them where they are, for what they are, in the way in which they are. *It is always a change in ourselves that matters,* and the parable is designed to work this inner change.

There are eight parts to the book: *Your Mind* (in which Dr. Seale explains The Kingdom of Heaven Parables, eight of them: The Parable of the Sower, of the Wheat and the Tares, of the Mustard Seed, the Seed Growing Secretly, the Leaven, the Hidden Treasure, the Pearl of Great Price and the Dragnet.

The Laws of The Mind: How the Mind Works, the Parables of the Labourers in the Vineyard, of the Talents, the Ten Virgins and the Wedding Robe. Renewing the Mind, the Parable of New Cloth and the Wineskins, of the Wicked Husbandman, the Rejected Cornerstone, the Wise and Foolish Builders, the Unfinished Tower and the King's Rash Warfare, and the Parable of the Rich Young Fool.

Setting the Law in Action: The Law of Use, the Parable of the Two Sons, of the Barren Fig Tree, the Children at Play and the Candle. Importunity of the Law, the Parable of the Importunate Widow, the Importunate Friend, the Rich Man and the Beggar. Skill and Foresight in Applying the Law, the Parable of the Unrighteous Steward, the Unmerciful Servant, the Two Debtors and the Good Samaritan.

The Law Is a Person: Obedience and Humility, the Parable of the Chief Seats, of the Pharisee and the Publican, the Unprofitable Servants, the Traveling Householder, and the Lord's Return from the Wedding.

Realization and Attainment: The Law of Life, the Parable of the Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin, and the Parable of the Prodigal Son.

There are 36 Parables in all which are explained and I defy anyone to read all 36 explanations without a complete change taking place in your life.

I will intrigue your curiosity by telling you that in the final Parable, your own mind and consciousness are the two sons, the Prodigal and the Elder Brother.

The book is the outcome of Dr. Seale's classes and lectures on the Parables over a period of years. There have been many books written on the Parables, as Dr. Seale says, and I did not at first feel too attracted to this book from its title. However, I opened the book and read the final parable, and was so interested by the fascinating and entirely new approach that I immediately decided to read the book through.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

ALL my days are very, very busy and completely filled up, every single minute of them, except the few minutes when I stop for lunch, but some days just whirl! On such days, when lunchtime comes, and Mrs. Mae Duffy (Dr. Bradley's very efficient housekeeper) appears at the Study door and says "Are you ready for lunch, Ethel?" I say "Whew! is it noon already?"

Today was one of those days! When I arrived in the morning Dr. Bradley was seated before his enormous Study desk. He could hardly wait for me to notice how "cleaned up" the desk was. He had been so busy ever since the publishing of his latest book, "Happiness Through Creative Living," right up to the moment when Mrs. Bradley and he went for a short pre-Easter vacation, then coming home just in time for Palm Sunday, Holy Week and our wonderful Easter Sunday, that his desk had suffered cruelly, as though an avalanche of snow (in the guise of papers, papers, papers) had descended upon it.

When I arrived at the Study on the Monday morning after Easter—that rainy morning which made everyone express great gratitude for the sunlit gladness of our Easter Sunday just past—the avalanche of papers, (letters, magazines, newspapers) was in great evidence, the top of the desk itself being entirely hidden under this "snowstorm." But on this morning, Tuesday morning, another lovely, sun-bright harbinger of springtime, lo and behold! The top of Dr. Bradley's desk was in evidence, in all its dark brown mahogany glory, its familiar row of books standing up on three sides of it, the large brown desk blotter in the center, no litter or "snow-slide" of papers to be seen anywhere, no newspapers, magazines or other busy-busy litter—only his always present schedule of engagements for the days of this week, resting in the center of the desk blotter, and the daily journal at one side, in which he writes at the end of each day a brief notation or resumé of the day's events.

Dr. Bradley's glee at this delightful state of the affairs of his desk was thoroughly understandable by one who periodically has to tussle with just such a problem at home, and I felt

as relieved and happy as he did. From now on until summer vacation time I shall have to be on my guard lest I dare to leave so much as a scrap of paper on Dr. Bradley's desk. For from now on he endeavors to keep it in this delightful state and condition. So, wish me luck. I shall do my best to keep up with "orders!"

I can look up from my desk and see three tall, slim red-maple trees with the whole tops of them bursting into reddish-brown leafing. Just beyond them a tree not quite so tall has a goodly showing of bright green. The rest of the park is much more backward than these, for these four forward-looking trees are close to the edge of the pond and there are no tall buildings to hide them from the afternoon sun, so the moisture below and the all-day advantage of the warmth and light have spurred them on to early blooming. I *could* get Spring fever looking out this particular window, but my work has a sufficient fascination for me that I can resist, can keep my temperature normal, and just cherish the view.

The moment Springtime is in the air the temptations of the out-of-doors are hard to resist, and of course they shouldn't be resisted. This is why I want to urge you to see the movie "A Man Named Peter" before you have the summer urge to shun all movies. I rarely have time to visit a movie, but I am so grateful when a really worthwhile one is available, that I feel like recommending it to everyone I meet. The house was filled on Easter afternoon when I went to see "A Man Named Peter," which proves that people do appreciate the really good things of the theatre.

Those who attended the presentation of "The Boy With a Cart" by the Chicago Equity Library Theatre, given in our church on Tuesday evening of Holy Week were well repaid for their attendance. It is the story of Cuthman, Saint of Sussex, as set down by Christopher Fry, one of the foremost contemporary poets.

Dr. Bradley expressed his great pleasure in having seen and heard the play, an old legend in the form of a modern classic, and paid high tribute to the players, their director, Mr. Robin Short, and the production manager, Mr. Arthur Peterson, Jr.

He praised very highly the artistry of young John Brinkley, Jr., who played Cuthman, and was happy to see again on our stage, Jane Lillig, so long associated with Jimmie and the Uptown Players. The play was excellently done by every one of the players and the Professional and Business Woman's Club was proud to have sponsored this presentation.

Our readers might like to know something about Equity Library Theatre. It was born during the war. Realizing that actors must practice their craft in order to maintain their skill, Sam Jaffee, of Actors' Equity Association Council, and George Freedley, Curator of the Theatre Collection of the New York Public Library, pooled their ideas. The result was a series of presentations in the small auditoriums of New York City Libraries to a non-paying audience.

Two years ago Actors' Equity Council permitted its Chicago members to establish the first ELT out of New York City. During this time ELT has produced and presented fifteen plays and a series of Shakespearean scenes, and a successful benefit performance of "Summer and Smoke," "The Girl on the Via Flaminia," and "Love Me Long."

ELT believes it can make a distinct contribution toward this city's cultural, artistic and community life with productions such as "Everyman," which

was presented in various churches last year, followed by the beautiful Christopher Fry play "Boy With a Cart" this year in nearly twice as many sanctuaries.

If you wish to be informed of other Chicago ELT Productions, please write Equity Library Theatre, 720 Bittersweet Place, Chicago 13, Illinois.

* * *

We take from the Mail Bag a letter from Lansing, Michigan which refers to Dr. Bradley's interview on "Welcome Travelers":

"Dear Friend:

It was indeed a pleasure to have you walk into our living room yesterday and sit right down, just as you have done on several former happy occasions, but this time on TV.

Our whole family enjoyed your program very much and we were all together with the exception of Verne who is an attorney in Cleveland, Ohio. Lucile lives just a block from us and she discovered your program in her home and called us. Wayne and Helen happened to be here at our house, so you may well know we had a family circle with a favored guest to boot.

When I saw them getting out that fishing rod and boots, it reminded me of a day of quite a while ago at Linden Lakes where we had a cottage quite close to yours, where you had a weekly bunch of boys as your guests. On this particular day, your boys had spent a busy forenoon repairing and tarring an abandoned boat and had it seaworthy by the time lunch was ready.

Then after lunch all of you headed up the lake towards the west with the boys jumping first on one side then the other of the boat, with all of the water splashings that went with the fun. Then we watched you on the return trip from the west end of the lake, and as you came close we noticed Rev. Bradley in the bow of the boat smoking a meerschaum pipe. Then when about twenty rods from our shore, suddenly the boat split open in the middle, and dropped the whole cargo into the lake and everyone started to swim to shore as best he could. You came up with the stem of the pipe in your mouth, but the bowl was gone. Then a boy called out "Hang onto the stem, Mr. Bradley, I have the bowl here with me." Just a happy spot in a busy life that is very pleasant to recall once in awhile, and I find it good for the soul.

With very kindest wishes from all of us.

E. E. Harris.

* * *

In connection with the same program is this letter from San Diego, California:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Was so glad to hear and see you on TV a couple of weeks ago, on Welcome Travelers. It made me remember all the years we listened to you in Chicago on the radio — we never missed, for you spoke so plain, that we could understand. I came from Holland in 1888 as a girl of 17, so had no American schooling, hence my poor writing. You married one of my granddaughters about 12 years ago in your Study. I now live in California and am 84 years old. God bless you, Dr. Bradley.

Your old time listener,

Mrs. W. Doser.

* * *

From Atlanta, Georgia, came this letter from a former Usher of the Church:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Our daughter Anna saw you on TV on Welcome Travelers. Victor and I were so sorry to have missed it. We will have to get a copy of your new book. Several friends sent us clippings from The Tribune, so we know what

a very busy person you are. We have just celebrated our 53rd wedding anniversary.

Your former usher,

Victor Miller.

* * *

Many of our members will be glad to read the following telegram which came to Dr. Bradley from Miami, Florida, from the well-known Manas Torcom, oriental rug dealer, and his wife Nellie, much loved members of our church:

Just learned from the Liberalist of your forty-three years as pastor of Peoples Church. Please accept our sincere congratulations and our love for you. You have done magnificently. The results show. Your admiring friends.

* * *

The following letter was written on stationery of The Mather Home, and signed Anna Engstrom:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I must not let this week pass without sending a word of appreciation for the wonderful sermon you gave last Sunday.

I thank God that we have clear thinking men like you in this confusing world, and that we can hear your inspiring talks over the radio.

Many who heard you last Sunday wish that the sermon would be in the Liberalist, so it could be read and then given to those who were not as fortunate as to have heard you. God bless you.

* * *

Dr. Bradley sent a comment for publication in the Amputee Veteran's Association year book and received this reply from Dan Keller, their Director of Public Relations:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just received your article for our year book. All I can say is that it's one of the greatest I have ever read. All of us here shall forever be grateful for your contribution of this most heart-warming article.

May we be worthy of the many kind words about us.

Sincerely yours,

Dan Keller.

* * *

From a very authoritative source comes this good news for people who are still afraid to go up in an airplane:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

When I heard you this morning tell why you always say "Keep looking up," it made me think of an experience I had many years ago. It may amuse you.

At the time of the first air show on the Lake Front, I was there with the Charles Pikes and her brothers, Fred and Russell Alger, from Detroit.

One of the Alger boys—as they were always called—introduced me to Orville and Wilbur Wright, who were their good friends. One of them asked me if I would like to go up in a plane—in those days an open biplane.

Having a frightful fear of high places I said no, and then told why I didn't want to go. Mr. Wright laughed and said "It may amuse you to know that I never go higher than the fourth floor in any hotel because I, too, am afraid of high places. He explained to me that you have no such fear in a plane because you are not attached to the earth. Needless to say, today I am one of the most enthusiastic plane travellers.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Orville E. Babcock

* * *

A group of seminary students visited the church on a recent Sunday, and their Field Director, J. H. Mathis, of the Bethany Biblical Seminary, writes:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We want to express appreciation

for the service enjoyed by our Seminary group on the recent visit to your church. We are also grateful for the consideration of those who answered our questions and explained the program to us after the worship service.

This group studying the City Church is composed of Seminary students. They are keenly aware of some of the problems facing the city church, therefore, they are keenly appreciative of the aggressive way in which you and your people are meeting the challenge.

We hope you will be willing to keep us on your list of visitors as we anticipate a re-occurence of this visit by the senior class next year.

Sincerely yours,
J. H. Mathis.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Although I don't have anything to say except thank you for the inspiration of Sunday's sermon and entire service, I think it is still worth while that I write. I liked your interpretation of democracy especially and your two pre-sermon messages of faith and prayer.

I've not really allied myself with a church here in town yet, although the kindliness of the church people has made me feel welcome.

I was very interested to hear that you had been a member of the State College Board (I've just come to Northern this year).

Some day I may get into town for a Sunday service and when I don't get to church I will anticipate hearing you again on the air.

Thank you very much, and all best wishes.

Sincerely,
Ruth Haddock,
401 W. Locust, DeKalb, Ill.

KEEP ON THE BEAM

New Members Publicly Welcomed Into the Peoples Church On Easter Sunday, April 10th

Mr. Donald Anderson
Miss Mercia Balgemann, Grant Park, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. John E. Brown, of Manhattan, Ill.
Mrs. F. J. Crowley
Miss Louise I. Daglas
Mr. Wm. E. Damasky
Mrs. Ingeborg E. Diggins
Miss Charlene Duncan
Mrs. Margaret Farley
Mrs. Werner Fenner
Miss Dorothy Gillett
Mrs. Ida Giranio
Mrs. Mary S. Haas, of Elkhart, Ind.
Mrs. Josephine Heckelman
Mrs. Nellie Jacobsen, from Church of Our Saviour
Miss Madeline Jacobsen, from Church of Our Saviour
Miss Winifred Jacobsen, from Church of Our Saviour
Mr. Clarence Jahn
Mrs. Francis P. Johnson
Mr. Paul C. Johnson
Mrs. Evelyn Kniskern
Mr. Joseph J. Kohl
Mrs. John B. Korn
Mr. Robert Larsen
Mrs. Ralph Lee
Mrs. Josephine Ann Nelson
Miss Marjorie Joan Nelson
Mr. Roger William Nelson
Miss Anne M. Parker
Mrs. Violet Pearson
Mr. Albert Peters
Mr. Seymour Pullman
Mrs. Martha Riley
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Romaine, Evanston
Miss Daphne Ronsen
Mr. Gordon Schmidt
Miss Barbara Sison
Dr. Lucius H. Smith, from Trinity M. E. Church, Gary, Ind.
Mrs. Roy Smith
Mr. Edwin B. Speer, from Christian Church, Lancaster, Mo.
Mrs. Edwin B. Speer, Evanston
Miss Patricia Speer, Evanston
Mr. Wm. J. Stigall, Jr.
Mrs. Ruth Strandell
Mrs. Eve Strohm
Mr. John Robert Sylvers
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Wetle
Mrs. Juanita Whittlesey
Miss Georgia Willard
Mr. Verne Willmann
Miss Gerda Wohel

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MARCH

1—Address. 50th Anniversary, Kewanee Rotary Club, Kewanee Hotel, Kewanee, Ill.

2—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
Meeting of Commission on Human Relations.
Board Meeting. Peoples Church.

3—Three funerals.
Sick calls.
Autographed books at Kroch's and Brentano's bookstore.

4—Meeting Church Council, Church Office.

5—Funeral.
Four weddings.

6—Two services. Peoples Church.

8—Funeral.
Address. Hi "Y" and Tri Hi Induction, Trinity Lutheran Church.

9—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

10—Address. Chicago Food Products Club. Sherman Hotel.
Funeral.
Address. Men's Club. Hillside Presbyterian Church, Hillside, Ill.

11—Wedding.
Address. First Methodist Church Lenten Service. Milwaukee, Wis.

12—Funeral.
Wedding.

13—Two services. Peoples Church.

14—Funeral.
Autographed books, Ritter's Book Shop.

15—Address. Assembly, Sturgis High School, Sturgis, Michigan.
Autographed books, Sturgis Book Store, Sturgis, Michigan.
Address. High School Auditorium, Sturgis, Michigan.

16—Sick calls.
Dr. and Mrs. Bradley left Chicago for New Orleans and a Caribbean Cruise, returning Mar. 31st.

30—Autographing Party. Mrs. Audings' Book Shop, New Orleans, La.
Address. New Orleans-TV. Channel 6, New Orleans, La.

31—Address. Hotel Sales Management Association. Palmer House.

FUNERALS

3—J. H. Wallovich.
Lawton Bickley Lamb.
Charles E. Peckham.

5—Myrtle Plunge.

8—Herbert T. Rich.

10—Charles B. Lake.

12—Carl Schweizer.

14—Harley Bucklen.

23—Mr. Carroll Byers.

26—Mrs. Ida Pilscher.

WEDDINGS

5—Carolyn Olmstead and Edmund P. Lamphiere.
Lorretta Cox and Earl Bradshaw.
Jean Flament and David Anderson.
Bernice C. Helgesen and Thomas J. Stewart.

11—Marjorie Kopelke and Fred G. Cappetta.

12—Jayne Allner and George Wagner.

19—Alice Swanson and Lawrence Willer.

CHRISTENINGS

6—Raymond Allen Larsen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Larsen.
Jeffrey Charles Nordhaus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Nordhaus.

13—Mercia Vimay Balgemann, Adult.

Easter christening will be published in our June issue.

DR. BRADLEY'S SERMON SUBJECTS FOR MAY

May 1—"The Power of Negative Thinking"
May 8—Mother's Day—"When Mother Was Young"
May 15—"I'll Get Even With Them!"
May 22—"Does God Get You in Trouble?"
May 29—Memorial Sunday—"Forgetting to Remember"

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent

Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service (from November to Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (from November to Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Opens in September. For summer activities contact the Church Office or the Club Secretary, Miss Edith Anderberg, 1614 Ainslie St., Chicago 40, Ill. SUnnyside 4-9146.

Men's Club—Meets the second Tuesday in each month. Opening meeting in October. Secretary, Mr. Harold E. Hansen, 2218 W. Carmen Ave., Chicago 25, Ill. EDgewater 4-5998.

Professional and Business Woman's Club. Annual Spring Dinner, Tuesday, May 10, p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday until June 9th, New Members Welcomed..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, Secretary, EDgewater 4-5998

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

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